

HALF A LOAF

BOOKS BY
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



AMONG US MORTALS
BY AND LARGE
HALF A LOAF
IN OTHER WORDS
OVERSET
SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN
SO MUCH VELVET
SO THERE!
TOBOGGANING ON PARNASSUS
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

HALF A LOAF

BY
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



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TO
ESTHER

*who continually urges me to
write more—and more*

HALF A LOAF

THREE INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FLY- LEAF OF A VOLUME

I

I hurl at you this little book;
At your unlovely head I shy it.
For, oh, you parsimonious crook,
You'd never buy it.

II

If the matter in this volume,
Taken from a daily colyum,
Worthier were, were it the best
Ever written, east or west,
I am sure I'd never send
It to you, my foolish friend.

I

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III

No syllable, my love, nor letter
Within this book but might be better;
But were mine every written line
Than man hath ever done more fine,
More fair than man will ever do,
Still would it be too poor for You.

By F. P. A.

PATRIOTIC PRAYER FOR ELECTION DAY

Let Justice triumph at the polls;
Let Righteousness possess our souls;
Let Honesty and Right prevail;
Let Selfishness and Greed grow pale;
Let Honour take her noble stand;
Let Sweetness shine upon our land;
Let Bravery do; Let Courage dare;
And let me out into the air.

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A RECORD

There be fairer days than these
In the sunny Cyclades;
Sweeter far the days may be
By the blue Ægean Sea.

There be warmer suns than this
By the dead Semiramis;
But than yours a lovelier face
Was not ever any place.

According to Mr. Otto Kahn's ten points for success in business, he got his first promotion when he was working as a postage-stamp licker. Young Kahn used to be known in the office, we hear on perfectly terrible authority, as a lad who could lick his weight in postage stamps.

By F. P. A.

With Mr. Kahn's advice to be neighbourly and a good sport we have no quarrel, except that it seems to us poor advice to give a man who wants to succeed in business. The poor-house is jammed with gentlemen who, when asked, "Why are you here, my good man?" answer, "I was too neighbourly and too good a sport."

More of the milk of human kindness is what Mr. Kahn says young business men should have. Suggested slogan: The milk of human kindness—from contented financiers.

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COSMIC THOUGHTS

The human race is full of folks
Who do not care for drink or jokes;
Who do not like a lot of things;
Who never bet on less than kings;
Who like the books and plays I hate;
Who make me pay too high a rate
For food and rent and heat and light;
Who make me stay up late at night.
The human race, it may be said,
Makes some of us wish we were dead;
And yet I often wonder: Can it
Be better on some other planet?

Dr. R. B. Manikam, a professor at Noble Christian College, India, wants Bishop Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" expurgated. He says it is uncomplimentary to the Ceylonese; that the stanza beginning—

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What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile—

asperses "the good people of Ceylon," who, according to Dr. Manikam, are not vile. But he is a destructive critic. All he does is to omit the stanza and to regret that Bishop Heber ever wrote the poem. Why not suggest an improvement? With—

Though every prospect pleases,
And the girls have lots of style?

or—

Though every prospect pleases,
And men are free from guile?

And then the investigators, the sceptics who melt poetry in a crucible, will issue a statement to the effect that in Ceylon only every other prospect—actually only 49.296 per cent.—pleases.

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TO A YOUNG WOMAN ON THE WORLD STAFF

"Sing while you work" and be full of cheer.
And work as the young and spry work.
"Sing while you work" if you must, my dear,
But please don't sing while *I* work.

It is unlikely that there will be a weekly reading of the Ten Commandments in the public schools.

"How can you expect children to control their feelings if the Decalogue is introduced in the public schools?" asked Mr. I. S. Chipkin. Why control them? When the children grow up, they will be busy enough controlling their feelings—feeling-control is a career with most of us—so perhaps it might be a good idea to have the Commandments read. Unless children have changed in the last century.

By F. P. A.

or two, few of them would listen after the first week.

According to Vladimir Nemirovitch Danchenko, the only reason an art theatre is lacking in New York is that no organizing spirit has yet arisen to create it. Our feeling is that there are too many organizations for the furtherance and boosting of art, dramatic and otherwise. The city is full of honorary vice presidents and members of committees of organizations which have for their ostensible object the increased output of art. That production is stimulated appreciably by organization we cynically doubt. Usually the chief demonstrable benefit of such an organization is to give somebody a job as a corresponding secretary.

1. How little chocolate may be used in frosted chocolate before the customer complains?

2. What are the issue dates of the New York Telephone and City Directories?

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3. What is a good book for a boy eleven years of age?

4. What is the first-class postage rate on a two- and one-half ounce letter?

5. What effect has the safety razor had on the drug trade?

6. What cold cream is best to use before the application of what rouge? Of what powder?

7. How many nickels should a druggist with three telephone booths begin the day with?

8. What is a good fifteen-cent cigar?

9. How many years will a box of two dollar a pound chocolates remain "fresh"?

The preceding questions are submitted as a possible examination for a diploma in pharmacy.

Certainly, New York is unlike any other city in the United States. It does not suppress news about itself that might make other cities consider it ridiculous: it does not editorialize its news, as many other cities do,

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in order to give the effect that whatever happens anywhere in the world reflects glory upon the city. Mayor Walker has discovered that there is \$47,000,000 due this great city. And all the New York papers printed that, little caring that every other town in the country would say:

“What sort of city is it that has \$47,000,000 coming to it and doesn’t know it?”

On second thought, other cities are so envious of New York that they probably will think it is a wonderful town that can have all that money owed to it and not know it.

The Rev. Dr. Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie points to the presence in the Bible of such beautiful women as Eve and Esther to show that Christianity stressed the artistic. It is not news that Eve and Esther were beautiful; but if Christianity had anything to do with their beauty, that, it seems to us, is front-page news.

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A PAIR OF SEXES

I

A MAN TELEPHONES

"Ed? . . . Lunch at one. Whyte's. Right."

II

A WOMAN TELEPHONES

Hello, operator. Operator? I want Caledonia five eight six seven, please. Oh, this *is* Caledonia five eight six seven? Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm terribly sorry. I thought it was the operator. I've had so much trouble with the telephone lately. May I speak to Miss Lucille Webster, please? Oh, *speaking?* Oh, I'm terribly sorry. Is this Miss Webster? Is this you, Lucille? I didn't recognize your voice at first. First I thought it was the operator, and then I thought it was somebody

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answering for you, Lucille. I didn't recognize your voice at first. Got a cold or something? Oh, you sound as though you had. There's so much of it around this wretched weather. I never saw anything like it in my whole life. Well, I'm glad you haven't got a cold, though at first you certainly sounded like it. . . . I was just talking to Ethel for a second, and she had such a cold she could hardly talk. That's the reason I asked you. There's an awful lot of it around this wretched weather. . . . Oh, nothing particular. . . . Oh, yes, there is too. How silly of me! I was so interested in what you were saying, I almost forgot. Lucille, what are you doing tomorrow? . . . No, about lunch time. Or a little earlier. Or a little later. It doesn't matter. Because I expect to be in your part of town about that time, around lunch time, oh, maybe one or one-thirty or so, I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, and it oughtn't to take me more than half an hour, or at the most three quarters, surely not over an hour, I'm almost certain, and probably I'll be

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through in half an hour, but, anyway, I ought to be all through by one-thirty, and I could meet you anywhere you say. . . . Oh, I know, but Maillard's is pretty crowded about that time, and isn't there some place nearer? My appointment is on Forty-seventh Street near Madison—no, it's near Fifth, I guess. But that doesn't matter. I'll take a cab. If I can get one. Did you ever see anything like how hard it is to get cab nowadays? My dear, last night I was twenty-five minutes trying to get one, and it got me late for dinner, and I *know* they didn't believe me. But if I can't get one I'll walk. It's only a block. And I guess a little exercise wouldn't do me any harm. . . . Maillard's. . . . How about the Ritz? No, there's such a jam there. And it's hard to meet. Well, any place *you* say. . . . Oh, Lucille, that's a dreadful place. The food's so—oh, I don't know. You know. So—bad, if you know what I mean. Well, let's take a chance on Maillard's. Only it's so crowded. . . . Oh, no, I never heard that. . . . No, I haven't. I haven't read a thing in months,

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absolutely months. Where the time goes to I don't know. *I* simply do not know where the time goes to. Lucille, you're sure you've got to-morrow at lunch free? Because if you haven't, or there's something you'd rather do, just say so and we'll try again. Well, suppose we say Maillard's at—oh, do you know that little tea shop on Forty-seventh? I think it's between Park and Madison on the—let's see—on the downtown, that's the south side of the street. I'll be there by one, or anyway one-thirty, and if I'm there first I'll get a table, and you do the same if you are. But I ought to be there by one. My appointment is for half-past twelve, and it may take me only a few minutes. I might be there before one. But surely by quarter past, and certainly by one-thirty. . . . All right, then. Suppose we say about one, at Maillard's. . . . Oh, no, what am I thinking of? We decided that would be too crowded, didn't we? Unless you'd rather go there. That little tea shop is very nice. . . . Well, yes, I'd just as soon go to Maillard's. It doesn't matter much. It's

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seeing you I care about. There's a lot I want to talk to you about. These little snatches at the telephone are so, well, so sort of unsatisfactory, if you know what I mean. . . . All right, suppose we say Maillard's, then. And then if we don't like the looks of things we can go somewhere else. . . . All right, then, at . . . oh, let's go to the tea room. It's quieter. . . . All right, then. I'm longing to see you, Lucille. . . . To-morrow, then. At the tea shop, that's on Forty-seventh between Park and Madison, on the downtown, that's the south side of the street. To-morrow, then, about one. That's Wednesday. . . . What? Is it Tuesday? . . . Well, I'm *all* turned around. I thought it was Wednesday. I'm terribly sorry, Lucille. I can't *possibly* meet you to-morrow if it's Tuesday. I've got a luncheon appointment I've had for ages, simply for weeks, and I've postponed it so often I don't dare do it again. . . . You can't Wednesday? I'm terribly sorry. . . . Well, I'll try again. Ring me up. I'll be in all afternoon until five twenty-five, and then I have to go uptown.

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. . . Yes. . . . Well, I'm glad we had a nice little talk, anyway. . . . And I'll see you soon. . . . What? No, *soon*—S for Sam.
. . . Yes, soon. . . . Good-bye, Lucille.
. . . Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye."

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THE EASY METHOD

Do you want to acquire some publicity?

Play Jazz and the Young Generation!

Do not say you have no authenticity—

Play Jazz and the Young Generation.

Do you want to be reckoned a sage?

As one who has Thoughts on This Age?

Do you want to get on the Front Page?

Play Jazz and the Young Generation.

Are you weary of years of obscurity?

Praise Jazz and the Young Generation.

From the wisdom and depth of maturity

Praise Jazz and the Young Generation.

Do you want to get into the game

Of vaunting your business or name?

Do you want a few minutes of fame?

Praise Jazz and the Young Generation

By F. P. A.

You may be certain that age is galloping upon you when—

1. You sigh for the days when you had to wait until at least 1 o'clock in the morning to see the first edition of a morning newspaper.

2. You hate to see the box scores of baseball games printed before the beginning of the season.

3. A feminine voice over the telephone says, "Do you know who this is?" and you say "No," and hang up the receiver.

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IF RUDYARD KIPLING HAD BEEN DOROTHY PARKER

If you are sweet when everyone is sinful,
If you can grin when others are in tears,
If you can stand when others have a skinful,
If you can dodge the Menace of the Years;
If you can look at life nor let it task you,
If you can fry in hell, yet rise above it—
Well, if you can, or if you can't, I ask you
What of it?

Mr. Arthur Honegger, the composer of "Pacific 231," rode on an express locomotive out of a London station day before yesterday. He wishes, he says, to put into music the sounds heard by the engineer of an express train. After he finishes that symphonic poem, we should like him to turn his attention to the assembling of a suite called "The Whistle

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Blows to Announce Quitting Time in the Klaxon Horn Works."

Another descriptive piece we should like to listen to would be one called "Testing Day in the Noiseless Typewriter Factory."

"There is something the matter with the old faith," observes the Rev. Dr. T. A. Jami-son. How about having the old faith lifted?

Il Duce, believing, as he does, in press censorship, probably will cut the last three words from the headline, "Mussolini Best Man at Marconi's Wedding."

When Colonel Ruppert says that the public is not interested in the size of Babe Ruth's pay check, we disagree with him. The public is interested in such matters, and never tires of comparing the income of a movie star or an athlete with that of the President of the United States.

About censorship we feel the way either Mr. Moran or Mr. Mack feels about piccolo

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playing. "Even if it's good," drawls the drawling one, "I won't like it."

A rumour has reached this desk to the effect that, following the ruling of Dean Gauss at Princeton about students and automobiles, a certain nursery school is about to prohibit the use of kiddie-cars by the freshman class.

There was a discussion the other day concerning the value of an individual baseball player to his club. The subject of an individual's value to his newspaper arose. It was advanced that the baseball club probably received no letters during the year saying, "If you continue to employ this man I will no longer attend games in which your team plays." But every newspaper editor gets letters from Old and Indignant Subscribers to the effect that if So and So isn't fired I will not read your paper any more, and Stop my Subscription. The result is the same; that fan that dislikes a player continues to attend the games, in the hope that the player will make

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errors or bat .000; the Irate Subscriber threatens; but he continues to buy the paper in the hope that the person whose cartoons or writings irritate him will drive him to frenzy.

Who is going to take up Luther Burbank's work we haven't heard; but we wish he'd grow artichokes provided with zippers.

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**LINES AFTER READING MUCH RECENT
NATURE POETRY**

I know the weather's wilful ways;
 I know the sunrise and the sunset;
I know the nights, I know the days;
 I see the stars, like jewels *unset*.

The snow beats on the window pane;
 The sun the Heckscher tower is gilding;
How wrathful is the riant rain
 As mounts the moon the Woolworth Build-
 ing!

My life is nothing like the spring.
 No lust is mine for indiscretion.
My life is not like anything.
 I feel no Urge for Self-expression.

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A graceful tree the lovely larch—

Though I could get along without it.

Now it is near the end of March;

I don't know what to say about it.

"So age," is Miss Dorothy Dix's observation, "is a time of calm philosophy, of hope, of confidence that whatever is, is best." One of the most slippered of the pantaloons, we hazard a doubt that age is a time of all those things. Age, we find, is a time for hurry to get a lot of things done that youth should have accomplished but postponed doing; of despair; and of confidence that whatever is, is more than a stone's throw from the best.

The questionnaire thing is too much in the public mind. At a concert the other night, when a singer began "Who Is Sylvia?" a young woman said to the person next her, "June 17, 1775, known as the Ming Dynasty of Anne Boleyn, was written by Louisa M. Alcott."

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General Pershing says, "Difficulties have always risen as an aftermath of war, and it is no cause for despair that they exist to-day." No longer under the military necessity of yes-sing the General, we—not even rising to say it—assert that it is a cause for despair that they exist to-day. It is a perfectly elegant cause for despair.

"In general," he tells the *Herald-Tribune*, "we are moving forward in the direction of good-will." Whether we are or not, we do not know; but to these aged eyes it seems that in a good-will race with a glacier, the best we could hope for would be to finish as runner-up.

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SPRING

The crocus and the daffodil
May bloom; but there's no spring until
The office building janitors
Decide to split revolving doors.

Reporting the Snyder trial for the *Evening Post*, W. E. Woodward deplores the fact that the Marquis and the Marchioness of Queensberry "on their visit to our glorious country cannot find something more worthy of their distinguished attention than this sordid and brutal murder trial." As for instance? Driving about our glorious country, in order to learn that U. S. Tires Are Good Tires, that You Are Now 4 Miles from Middle Granville, Vermont, that This Road Is Under Construction, that Ye Olde Eate Shoppe sells Hot Franks, and that Tourists Are Accom-

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modated at the Maples, the Maplewood, and the Mapleview? Should our visitors go shopping instead of listening to the fascinating stories of Mrs. Snyder and Mr. Gray? If they want to go to the theatres and the night clubs, there remain the evenings. We disagree with Mr. Woodward. We commend that perspicacity of our visitors. It not only is an interesting trial, but it also offers the visitors a chance to learn a lot about what Mr. Woodward calls—and not unjustly—our glorious country.

“I have often wondered,” said the Rev. Dr. J. Stanley Durkey, in his Sunday sermon, “what ‘God Bless Our Home’ would sound like and mean if it were written ‘God Bless Our Flat.’” Well, the realtors probably would expand it into “God Bless Our Ten-Room Apartment with Three Bathrooms and Five Master’s Bedrooms.”

We know too little about life to quarrel or to agree with Professor William Bradley

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Otis of the College of the City of New York, who made suggestions the other day to students contemplating suicide. He told them not to be too introspective, not to shrivel up in the face of the infinitude of physical matter; to avoid hurry; and to avoid cynics in life and literature. But at the close of the lecture Professor Otis read Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Henley's "Invictus," and Kipling's "If." It seems to us that poems like those are the ones you always find in the pocket-books or scrapbooks of attempted or actual suicides. The chances are that an impressionable person, one who is afraid of life, who wishes to escape from its reality, will read "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul," and say to himself, "I am neither, and there is no hope that I ever shall be either." "If you can this and that," says Kipling, "you'll be a man, my son." The youth who feels inferior reads it, says to himself that he is none of these courageous things, therefore is not a man, and decides to end everything.

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It strikes us that part of "Invictus" might be revised for the benefit of depressed youth:

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I've winced a lot and cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head has frequently been bowed.

It matters not how dull the earth,
How gray the sky that clouds above it,
The world is full of life and mirth,
And even if it ain't, what of it?

"Big wars," says the *Herald-Tribune*, in our nomination for the year's Half-Truth Prize, "are very costly to the losers."

In July, 1924, indictments against Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny were handed down, and some day something may be done about them. The oil scandal involved vast sums of money. In 1919, the American public, indignant because Eddie Cicotte and Joe Jackson of the White Sox took money for trying to throw the World Series to Cincinnati, drove them out of organized baseball, where, in compara-

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tive poverty and obscurity, they are to this very day. If we were a psychologist we'd write an essay on What Makes the American Public Angry.

In the *American*, Mr. Arthur Brisbane moralizes on Trudy Ederle. "After she won her victory," he says, "this young girl went, not to a cabaret, but straight to her old grandmother in the south of Germany. The young will please observe that reverence for the old does not interfere with winning a world championship." Well, we have as much right to command the young to observe as Mr. Brisbane has; and the young will please observe that irreverence for the old has nothing to do with losing a world championship.

Scorn for the young, on the other hand, may interfere with winning a world championship. The chances are, of course, that Trudy's grandma was glad that the girl had been successful. But she didn't visit her before the successful crossing. It is just possible that a year ago Trudy might have heard,

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"Channel swimming! You can't do it. Why don't you give it up? Such *narrigkeit!*"

Miss Ederle offers to fight the Channel for \$20,000; but the Channel is wary now and wants a loser's guarantee.

Speaking of stars, there were many span-gled nights recently. Low in the heavens one star was unusually luminous. It was visible through the trees that skirt Wide Waters Farm, which is near West Niles, which isn't far from Auburn, New York. Somebody asked Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, the farm's owner, what star it was. "Hell," said Mr. Adams, with that geniality that has earned him the sobriquet of "Honey" Adams, "people seem to think that I ought to know the name of every damned star they can see from my place, just because I've lived here so long."

The next night, as luck would have it, a visitor from New York—to whom the sight of any star probably was unwonted—asked

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his host what star that was, over there through the trees. "I don't know," said Mr. Adams, "I'm a stranger here myself."

"Does civilization pay?" asks the Rev. Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slater. Yes, but only about ten cents on the dollar.

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AFTER READING HUNDREDS OF CRITICISMS OF BOOKS OF NON-PONDEROUS VERSE

"Delightful comic verse," they find,
And say, "It's perfect of its kind."
And yet, despite the critics' snort,
I'd give a lot to write that sort.

"Though vivid is the verse, and bright
As anybody now can write,
These tricky lines are easily done."
... I'd sell my soul to think of *one*.

Sign of spring: Discovering that you
didn't put the racket in the press the last
time you played because you thought you
were going to play the next day.

In the clippingsheet of the Board of Temperance,
Prohibition, and Morals of the Metho-

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dist Episcopal Church, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen is quoted, over her signature, thus: "I had been warned to look in America for booze and bunk. I have found ice-water and straightforwardness, gentlemen and interesting people, prosperity, efficiency, sobriety, and politeness." If Mlle. Lenglen wrote that, whatever she says about bunk carries the importance of expert testimony.

Locomotives are to be named for prominent men, and we hope there will be a rumour that one is to be named in honour of William Wrigley, Jr. . . . But you've guessed it, you rogue! . . . Chew-chew.

In the April *American Magazine*, Mr. Edgar A. Guest is considering "How Life Looks to Me at Forty-five." For many years we have been a critical student of Mr. Guest's verses, and often have defended them against the attacks of those who scorned them solely, it seemed to us, on account of their tremendous popularity. These attacks,

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it may be added, usually have been launched by persons who never have read a line of any of Mr. Guest's poems. To them, these poems are a symbol of American Babbitry, and their author a person who writes popular verse merely because there is money in its composition. Our conviction is that Mr. Guest writes the best poems he possibly can write; and that when they began to attain such a wide popularity he was a trifle bewildered. And there is no question about the utter sincerity of his poems. "Of course," sneers Omniscient Oscar, "he doesn't really believe all that stuff." Probably there is no greater literary fallacy than that the author of "Remember?" could write "Endymion," if he wanted to; or that Harold Bell Wright, if there weren't so much wealth in writing the novels there is so much wealth in writing, would be Thomas Hardy. And whether you like his poems or not, Eddie Guest's verses are the best he can write; and, if he is like the rest of us, he thinks, at the instant of composition, that they are pretty good.

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In this *American Magazine* article, as we started to say, Mr. Guest is treating the quality of gentleness. He considers it essential, he says, to full living. "Just a little more patience and good nature," he writes, "would make most of us far happier than we are." . . . And then he tells about having finished the article, upon which he had put nearly a week of time. "The morning I was preparing it for the mail, I laid it upon my desk, happy that the task was finished. I had only one copy. I stepped out of my room for a few minutes, and when I returned the manuscript had disappeared. A blazing fire on the hearth told the story. The wind had blown the papers from my desk into the waste basket. In the few minutes of my absence, the maid had entered the room and carried the papers to the fire. Thus a week's labour was lost in one careless moment."

"It was," continues Mr. Guest, "a pretty stiff loss. But could I recover a single page of that manuscript by resentment or ill feel-

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ing? I could storm and rage and work myself up into a fury of temper; but I should still have all that work to do over again. I could make the maid miserable and unhappy, and upset the entire household with my wailings, and all to no purpose." And, in a word, Eddie went back to his typewriter and wrote the whole thing over again. "It is better," says Eddie—and we agree with him—"to get busy on what is to be done than to spend a minute deploring what has taken place."

We have not Eddie's nobility, but, luckily, we don't need it, for neither have we his inefficiency. When we finish writing a magazine article, we don't let it lie around on the desk for one split second. Into an envelope and into the mail box it goes forthwith. Of course Mr. Guest lives in Detroit, where waste-basket emptiers are less literate than in the metropolis. If, conceivably, one of the many desk-neateners and waste-basket emptiers in our employ should stumble upon a manuscript in the waste basket, she prob-

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ably would call to one of the other tidiers-up, "Come, quickly, Amaryllis, Master has written another of those priceless articles. I shall keep it, and if he asks for it, I shall claim a handsome reward; if he doesn't, I shall treasure it against the time when an original manuscript of his will be worth ten times its weight in radium."

We never have lost any manuscript. A year or so ago, to be sure, a piece of copy containing one two-line paragraph got utterly lost between the copy boy's hands and the linotype machine. It wasn't a particularly good paragraph, but it was a matter of principle, so we stormed and fumed and made the office boy feel like the careless fool he was, and expressed our sense of futility in no uncertain terms—terms so no-uncertain that three society editors and five Sunday editors couldn't work for the three hours we were telling the boy that he never would get anywhere in life if he continued to be so careless. To punish the boy with our utmost

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cruelty, to make him feel Simply Terrible, we told him flatly that hereafter, if he wasn't to be trusted, perhaps we'd better carry our own copy up those stairs and way over to Tom Smith's machine ourself. Evidently there was the sincerity of conviction in our voice, for P. S.—We got the job. None of our copy ever gets lost now, and if we had been gentle, like Eddie Guest, that boy might still be carrying copy for us; and though it would save us about ten trips a day to the composing room, reason totters to think that that boy might have lost another paragraph, if we hadn't got angry.

What made us think of the footless fury that engulfs us whenever we lose or misplace a quatrain or a 200-word paragraph was something in the introduction of the magically written *Revolt in the Desert*. In 1919, T. E. Lawrence wrote out in a 400,000-word book the account of his adventure. He left the book in a handbag in a railway station; it disappeared. By a tremendous effort of

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memory—and what seems to us his most heroic feat of courage—he rewrote the account. And that, we believe, beats Eddie Guest's record.

As to *Elmer Gantry*, we hazard a prediction. Its sales, we believe, will be greater than those of any of Lewis's other books. Not one in ten of its readers will read it through—that is to say, every word of it. For Lewis, it seems to us, restates his case too many times. If we had to criticize the book, we should refer to Harry Watson's old act in vaudeville. Watson used to give a burlesque boxing exhibition. "Punchin' the bag ten thousand consekative times," he would say. He took three or four wallops at it. "Well," he'd say, "you get the idea."

Half a Loaf

THE PASSIONATE MAGAZINE WRITER
TO HIS LOVE

CORYDON

Ah, sweet, the songs I sing to thee
Nor wondrous are nor many,

PHYLLIS

And mind thou gets a weighty fee,
And copst a pretty penny.

CORYDON

Dear love, thou hast my brimming heart
Till that I near must die for it.

PHYLLIS

Ay, sell the magazines thine art,
And soak 'em in the eye for it.

To a book called *An Outline of Careers*,
Mr. Russell H. Ballard, General Manager

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of the Southern California Edison Company, contributes a chapter on public utilities.

He is discussing success:

"What are you doing?" a newspaper reporter asked a lineman's helper.

"I am digging post holes," is the answer.

Walking down the road a few hundred yards, the reporter asked another helper, "What are you doing?"

"I am helping take ten horsepower down to McGinley's Farm," is the reply.

It is not at all improbable that some years later the first man will still be a labourer, while the second will be recognized as a success. One sees only work; the other has caught the idea of service. One has a job, the other a career. To distinguish more clearly it is necessary only to read what the reporter has to say. "Valley Centre Farms Get Electric Service," his headline will read—not, "Bill Jones Digging Post Holes on Clinton Road."

Well, it seems to us that Mr. Ballard is wrong, and that it is not at all improbable that the first man has a better chance of being a success than the second. For one thing, a man who sees only work in digging post holes is likely to be so discontented with that

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work that he will try to do something less irksome than post-hole digging. He has a better chance, it seems to us, of becoming General Manager of the company than the second man, who sees service in digging post holes, and whose ambition to be the best post-hole digger in the world probably will make him a post-hole digger the rest of his life, a life relieved only by the joy he feels the day he gets a silver button from the company for fifty years of unselfish service.

Also, if those are the headlines on the two stories, there is a much better chance for Bill Jones to become known than for the second man, whose name even Mr. Ballard apparently doesn't remember.

"Does success," asks Mr. Ballard, "consist of riches, fame, popularity, an easy life, an escape from long hours of patient grinding with its daily burden of responsibilities and problems?" Maybe not; but, though we are a word wizard and Mr. Ballard is only a public utility man, we admit we couldn't have

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written a better description of success ourselves.

"Remember," Mr. Otto H. Kahn told the *Daily Princetonian*, in an exclusive interview, "you can't lift yourself by downing others." How does Mr. Kahn think students get to be members of the Princetonian's board of editors? They get there by downing others; editorial positions on college publications are attained through competition.

It would be difficult to get the truth from almshouse inhabitants as to their reasons for failure. The failure is even more likely to lie about himself than is the success. But if you could get the truth, many of the almshouse inmates would say, we think, that they are poor because they believed seriously that they could advance without downing others. . . . We do not believe, with the sport page poets, that Life is Like a Football Game; but even those bards do not parade the philosophy that life is like a tie game.

Why, the *Daily Princetonian* itself got

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ahead by downing somebody. It is conceivable that the *Yale News* and the *Harvard Crimson* both were attempting to get an interview with Mr. Kahn, and that, in competition with the *Princetonian*, they failed.

It is well enough for Mr. Otto Kahn to tell the Princeton boys—and others—to use their imagination, but the advice is not utilitarian. The use of the imagination keeps you at work unnecessarily long hours. You begin writing a paragraph, and you imagine how pleasant and delightful it would be doing something else, such as giving advice to the *Princetonian* or riding on a giant liner bound for anywhere at all. And, having imagination, it takes you an hour to write a paragraph that, if you were unimaginative, would take you only a minute. Or you might not write the paragraph at all.

Further deliberation on Mr. Otto Kahn's "Use your imagination" advice leads to the highly imaginative notion that imaginations should be treated like motor cars. Some of us

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would like to put our imaginations on sale in the Used Department; and some of us whose imaginations are eating their fool heads off are growing tired of paying storage charges.

There are also some of us who use our imaginations in speculating what we would do if we had as much wealth as Mr. Kahn possesses. We know what we imagine we'd do, for one thing: we'd throw our hat, reckless of its cost, into the air to demonstrate our joy at not having to depend for livelihood on an imagination.

It is said that the Patterson Mansion, wherein the Coolidges are now installed, is completely furnished. Nevertheless, we should like to place a dictograph in the house, and discover what Mrs. Coolidge says. For never have we heard of anybody completely satisfied with the equipment of a furnished house, even if the rental is zero. The first day's talk usually runs something like, "Only three colanders and two frying pans! And they call that furnished!"

Half a Loaf

FEBRUARY LINES TO A LADY

Lady, when the breezes blowy
 Rend the sable robe of night,
When the mantle known as snowy
 Paints the ground—you've guessed it—
 white;
When the skiers and the skaters
 Ply their skilled and showy trades;
When the crowds to the theayters
 Come in cavalcades;

When the cards are on the table,
 And the fodder's on the tray;
When the kine are in the stable,
 And the horses in the hay;
When I hear the leaving liner
 Whistle at the adjacent dock;
When I know, a tardy diner,
 It is nine o'clock;

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When the February raw gust
Enters through the casement crack;
In October, June, and August;
Here and there, and there and back;
When the neat but random rhymes I'm
Making seem or false or true—
Those are several of the times I'm
Very fond of you.

In time, perhaps, The Conning Tower's
Neediest Case will be asking those questions
—questions as to religion, optimism, and
chickens and eggs, and the size of Alexander
—all those questions the Kute Kweries de-
partments of the newspapers and the humor-
ous weeklies have taught us to believe issue
out of the mouths of babes. Against which
day we have had a sign printed, to be hung
on his Kiddy-Krib: Don't Ask Dad; He
Doesn't Know.

In the Countess Salm's letters she said,
"Ludi never was made to work—he hates it."

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That is the difference between Ludi and the rest of us, who merely hate it.

In the old days it was the self-abasing man who wasn't Fit to Touch the Hem of Her Garment. Now it's only one of the Singer Midgets.

By F. P. A.

TO A TERRESTRIAL INFANT

AFTER GILBERT

Cry on, young lad, cry on!

Throughout the silent night

Cry on!

What though I have my stuff to write?

What though, throughout the darkness deep,

Now jocund day begins to peep?

What, though I'd love one hour of sleep?

Never *you* mind!

Cry on!

(He cries on.)

Hard work, discipline, and large families —these, according to the Associated Press, are the three goals which Premier Mussolini has set for the citizens of a Sicilian town that wants to become a province. It seems to us that Il Duce is verbose. Large families would be enough advice. Have a large family

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—ask the man who owns one—and the hard work and discipline will take care of themselves.

It appears now that Mr. Henry Ford, who evidently is having history later in life than most of us, has bought the schoolhouse in Sterling, Massachusetts, which the Mary of Sarah Hale's poem brought the far-famed lambkin to. Will Mr. Ford, one wonders, go into the history of the thing? For instance, it was stated that to follow Mary to school was against the rule? What rule? Was education in Massachusetts so rigid that there was a rule to the effect that it was a crime or a misdemeanour for a lamb, kid, or ewe to follow a pupil to any institution in the State of Massachusetts? Was there such a rule? And how about the children? What simple-minded boys and girls! These days it would take the entrance of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd themselves, not a motion picture, to make the children laugh and play.

By F. P. A.

"WHEN AS IN VERSE"

When as in verse I do my love declare
In words that no incertitude possess,
Yet words that, fearful of the loveliness
That splendent shineth from thy radiant
hair,
Trembling with love, say less than what they
dare,

Or, overbold, articulate the less,
Or use the common phrases of the press,
Donning the motley as their only wear;

Then dost thou read the riant lines, and
smile,

Hiding a tear for their unworthiness,
As who should say, "A poem made to me
Should be heart's blood upon a golden style,
And beat with passion in a pretty dress."

Then see, my love, what thou hast here. . . .
Oh, see!

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A journalistic cynic of the most unfathomable dye, we have a suspicion that the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the *Herald-Tribune's* disseminator of genial omniscience, asks himself some of the questions he so certainly answers. Yesterday he interpreted the meaning of "covet" in the Whatever-it-isth Commandment. "It means," he said, accurately, "to look upon other people's belongings with eyes of desire, wishing to have what is not your own. This impulse is responsible for the plight of many men and women who are now in prison." Which, we maintain, is at best a half truth. For covetousness also is responsible for many of the world's achievements. What makes a man want to be President—President of anything from the United States to a trust company—but covetousness? What makes men write music, plays, books? They covet a wealth or a fame not their own. Why, it was only covetousness that made a columnist of us, for we coveted the easy and pleasant life concomitant with the job of other columnists. The first job we have been covet-

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tous of in a long time, by the way, is Dr. Cadman's. All he needs is the ability to present omniscience so as not to offend his readers, and he is through for the day.

President Remsen B. Ogilby of Trinity College says that he was taught to play poker by his mother when he was a child, and that therefore the game had no sinister allurements for him when he grew up. We don't see it that way, nor do we admit the "sinister." Our interpretation is that young Ogilby played poker entirely for fun—that is, for no stakes—and that he therefore decided, rightly, that it was a no-good game. If we had a son who got any fun out of playing poker for fun, we'd tie a box of chips to his leg and throw him into the river.

When this or that person says that this or that young person has taken his life because of overstudy we are filled with doubt. We doubt whether overstudy is the precise term. Sometimes a student, panicky with the fear

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of failing in an examination, overstudies a day or two before the examination; and losing hope that he can absorb three months' studying in three days, grows desperate. But this would be rather an instance of understudy, of failure to absorb the essentials of the course in the time allotted to it. . . . We can remember the night before an examination in Solid Geometry; the blue waters of Lake Michigan seemed like a pleasant alternative. And it was not the fear of failure to pass the examination that worried us; it was the terror of receiving as low a mark as 99.

The octogenarian interview is usually bunk. Old gentlemen give advice and indulge in a lot of belated guessing. Mr. Thomas A. Edison's answers to the questionnaire submitted to him on his eightieth birthday were the freshest, candidest, and bunklessest we remember to have seen. When Mr. Edison, through ignorance, lack of interest, or insufficient deliberation, didn't know, he said so. But Mr. John E. Andrus, eighty-six, said

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that in his day long hours and hard work were the custom; that young men shouldn't pay too much attention to education; that they emerge from college with the notion that they have the world licked. Our comment is that if work to-day is easier and hours are shorter, so much the better; that it would be a good thing if even more attention were paid to education; and that years of observing young men just emerged from college have convinced us that most of them think that the world has them licked; it usually takes them a long time after graduation to discover that it is possible—not miraculous—for them to be able to make a living. If the current suicide wave in schools and colleges indicates anything, it shows, we believe, that a great many young students think the world has them licked.

We have no notion what is the common factor in the causes of suicide in young students, but we doubt that the newspapers—even the tabloids—are to be censured on that account. Probably through the minds of some

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of these young persons there flits the picture of the story; but nobody of mature age we ever have talked to about it admits that sometime or other he had thought of his obituary; and most persons believe that the story of their suicides—or of their deaths from any causes—would be printed on all front pages. Of this number the percentage who take their own lives is negligible.

A common dream, for example, is that wherein you are present at your own funeral. We used to dream that ours was taking place at the Polo Grounds or at Madison Square Garden. No profound interpreter of dreams, we find that an easy one. It indicates a wish for popularity, which we still have. The wish, that is.

By F. P. A.

LIFE'S LITTLE LOW-DOWNS

I

"Mom," said a not too bright boy, "kin I have a quarter to go to the movies?"

"No. Keep away from them places. You're a loafer. Stay home and do your arithmetic."

II

Ernest Klumpf, the young cinema magnate, granted an interview yesterday in which he said he owed his success entirely to his mother.

"My mother," he said, pointing to her, "or 'Momkins,' as I always call her, always encouraged me to go on. 'Your bent is plainly for the artistic,' she used to say, 'so why not leave school and turn your great gifts and

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attention to the art of the motion picture, which is as truly an art as painting, sculpture, or the histrionic art?"

"I knew my boy would succeed," said Mrs. Klumpf, turning away to hide a telltale tear of prideful joy in Mr. Ernest Klumpf, who is still her "boy" to her.

Professor Leonard Hill tells the London Institute of Hygiene that women are made hardier by modern dress styles, which call for low necks, short skirts, and thin silk stockings. "They have trained themselves to stand the cold better than men," he says. Our experience and observation teach us otherwise. That women are more scantily clad than men we concede; but that they endure the cold at all we deny hotly. In order for a woman in evening dress not to say that it is terribly cold, bitter, penetrating, and draughty in a room, the temperature has to be between 75 and 85 degrees. It is the men these days, it seems to us, who have the endurance; they sit in hot, usually unventi-

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lated rooms, and ride in cabs with the windows sealed so that the feminine tresses shall not be blown about; and, except for this paragraph, never whimper.

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LINES TO AN EXCESSIVELY YOUNG MAN

(November 22, 1926)

Laconic offspring, as I gaze
Upon your person not ungainly,
I think—but vaguely, in a haze,
And far from sanely.

Lines of advice from time to time
You'll find within this Conning Tower,
In limpid prose, in lofty rhyme,
And full of power.

Heed not my words of pen or tongue
Too closely; choose your own vocation;
Be leader of the so-called Young-
Er Generation.

By F. P. A.

Upon what paths your soul may seek
You'll find your father no obstructor;
Yet won't you be, say twice a week,
A guest conductor?

And now Mr. Bernard Shaw says that
schoolteachers ought to have babies. Well,
he ought to know; he's had schoolteachers.

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A STEAMER LETTER TO QUEEN MARIE

Farwell, farewell, farewell to you—
As Byron often used to say—
You sail again the ocean blue
To-day.

I hope you liked us simple folk;
Our honest hearts that beat so true;
I trust you liked the way we spoke
Of you.

I hope you liked our buildings grand,
Our factories, motor cars and books;
Our newspapers, our women, and
Our cooks.

Farewell! Adieu! Godspeed! Good-bye!
I hope you found our country fair.
Perhaps we'll never know. . . . Well, I
Don't care.

By F. P. A.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

When Freedom from her mountain height
Does any blooming thing at all—
Like some one's transatlantic flight
Or the Younger Generation's fall;
When Brooklyns Drop Four in a Row,
Or Tilden Loses Seven Sets,
When this is thus and that is so,
Then "Wayne B. Wheeler Blames the
Wets."

Do letters languish in our land?
Is fallen to earth the lofty rhyme?
Has Virtue wobbled from her stand?
Is there an increment of crime?
Is Life a game whose cards are marked?
Is Fate a cheating, crooked dealer?
In those events, as I've remarked,
It's "Plot of Wets, Says Wayne B.
Wheeler."

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But are there marriages in May?
Are bobbed the tresses or unshorn?
Is it a fair or gloomy day?
Are few or many babies born?
Does Lindy Win as Millions Cheer?
Setteth the sun or doth it rise,
Is chill or hot the time of year,
"Wheeler Sees Victory for Drys."

Fain would I be an advocate,
So—come what may, whate'er betide—
The pettiest things would grow to great,
And all be profit for my side.
Mine enemies would all be crooks,
My friends be Princes, I a King—
Sermons in stones, statements in brooks,
And propaganda in everything.

With that cardiac specialist, Miss Dorothy Dix, who was among the "reporters" covering the Hall-Mills case, we do not utterly agree. Miss Dix thinks that a woman pro-

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fects her husband because she loves him. "They," she writes of these loving wives, "speak of a drunken husband's debauches as 'nervous attacks.' They camouflage a lazy husband's shiftlessness as 'artistic temperament.' They speak of the 'reserve' of a cold and unloving husband." Miss Dix's *Evening Post* colleague, Mr. Jay E. House, says it is true that women do all these things. But it is his notion, he writes, that they do it more from pride than from love. Well, they do; most of them are ashamed to confess that their husbands are not the most adoring, charming, and intelligent of gentlemen.

There are, of course, wives who do make the articulated best of their husbands' faults and derelictions—to others. But there must somewhere be wives in such a brimming and varied world who speak, especially to the husbands, of the husband's lack of ponderosity as drunkenness or chronic alcoholism. They speak of his reading a book or smoking a cigarette as "artistic temperament." And they call a "Good-morning" greeting an "invasion

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of privacy," if they don't call it "bestiality." But, Miss Dix, there are so many wives and husbands that anything anybody says is partly true.

By F. P. A.

"CARGOES"

WITH A GLASS LIFTED TO MR. JOHN MASEFIELD

Brigantine of Florida from distant Cuba,
Steaming here to haven across the brine,
 With a cargo of applejack
 And gin and whiskey,
Bacardi and brandy and bad red wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming down from
 Canada,
Sailing through the Narrows in a foul fall
 gale,
 With a cargo of Burgundy,
 Port, Amontillado,
Light beer and dark beer and poor pale ale.

Swanky Yankee coaster chugging to Chicago,
Sailing through the Soo when Superior is
 rough,

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With a cargo of absinthe,
Cointreau, and cognac,
Champagne and alcohol and bad, sad stuff.

Another of the commentators on the Hall-Mills case at Somerville is Miss Rita Weiman, who, in the *American*, is writing of the letters written by the murdered pair. They were, she says, "letters of sensuality cloaked in absurd romanticism." They impress us, as love letters go, as conspicuously above the average, in both feeling and coherent writing. What to one person is absurd romanticism to another is romance of ineffable sweetness and holiness.

Offhand, we can recall no love letter entirely reft of beauty. The Rhinelander letters, illiterate and banal as many of their passages were, were deeply pathetic. And the most stirringly sad and beautiful letters we can recall were those written by Grace Brown of South Otselic, New York, to Chester Gillette of Cortland. They appear, mostly verbatim, as the letters of Roberta Arnold to

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Clyde Griffiths, in Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*.

And here is Mr. Jay E. House, who observes, "His letters to his surreptitious lady-love were as banal and mushy as those of a half-wit sired in the lowest reaches of humanity and come to maturity in a home for the friendless." To which we retort they were nothing of the sort. Regardless of the percentage of sacredness and profaneness there may be in love, there is no banality in any variant of "I love you" to the writer or the recipient. For, as some unjustly obscure poet has revised Wither's lines:

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?
But if she be fair, why then
That is something else again.

The first note of criticism has crept into the utterances of Queen Marie. In Chicago, she voiced the opinion that Americans devoted too much to the practical side, neglecting, it seemed to her, the sentimental. Does the

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Queen know that a nation of dreamers can amass enough money to buy, for use on a single occasion, silk hats, spats, and cutaway coats?

How little Marie understands us! Not even the Germans are more sentimental than we, who are sentimental even about our being the most practical, the richest, and the most hospitable nation on the planet.

By F. P. A.

**DITHYRAMBIC WRITTEN AFTER
HENRY'S APOLOGY**

Then here's to the village of Dearborn,
A town of harmonious chords,
Where the Fords are now fond of the Levys,
And the Levys are fond of the Fords.

The Italians almost defeated the French in the Davis Cup preliminaries this week. We should like to see the Italians win, but, even if they did, they'd probably get little credit for it. The Fascist papers, under the Mussolini consorships, probably would be forced to say that not even under Cæsar, not even under Augustus, did Italy lift the Davis Cup.

President Coolidge's speech at the dedication exercises at Wicker Park was a mass

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of information. It shows what a young man can do who spends fifteen minutes a day on the Five Foot Scrapbook of Etiquette, or whatever it is they advertise will make a fascinating talker of a naturally inarticulate person. The President said four or five thousand words. Many of them were informative, thus:

For a long period it was claimed as a part of the French dominions. It was not until the Treaty of Paris in 1763 brought to a close the Seven Years' War that it passed under English rule. For a century and a quarter it remained almost virgin wilderness until Congress organized the Northwest Territory by the act of 1787. The Pottawatomie Indians occupied this locality until they were removed beyond the Mississippi in 1836.

How much more Colonel Lindbergh might have said if he had used the Coolidge method! His speech at the City Hall might have read thus:

When I was preparing to leave New York, the most populous city in the United States of America, a city which in 1919 had 638,775 wage earners,

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a city of which Stephen Allen was Mayor from 1821 to 1824, a city whose fire loss in 1924 was \$18,684,835, I was warned that we might receive a rather demonstrative reception at Le Bourget, a flying field in Paris, the capital and largest city of the French Republic, of which nation M. Gaston Doumergue is President and M. Raymond Poincaré Premier.

It strikes us that Lindbergh never can be President of the United States, and that he never can run successfully for any political office. Not until he learns to be a non-stop talker, too.

And now Mr. E. P. Thayer, Secretary of the Senate, wants to organize the Boy Aviators of America, which is to be something like the Boy Scouts. Being an American organization, it will need a slogan. Our suggestion is "Join the Air Service and See Grover Whalen."

Lindbergh was the greatest one-man newspaper interest of our time. Future flights—

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Byrd's and Chamberlin's—also will be interesting. But after a few months the stories of the records will pall, and in self-defence, if a flyer wants to make the front page, he'll hop off across the Atlantic with a young woman, who, as luck will be compelled to have it, is Wedded to Another.

We don't know how the movies have kept away from Daring Airman who villainously asks girls to go for a little spin in his plane, and next thing she knows she is on her way across the ocean with this Fiend. But her fiancé, an even more Daring Airman, finds out about it, and Gives Chase. . . . The leap of the bride, in midocean, from the Abductor's plane to the Hero's.

The baccalaureate sermon crop this year is a bumper one. Even the Anti-Saloon League can't turn facts and arguments to advantage so adroitly as the baccalaureate sermoners can. At Cambridge, President Lowell cited the remark of General Charles R. Lowell to Major Henry L. Higginson:

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“Don’t grow rich; if you once begin you will find it much more difficult to become a useful citizen.” There are many things to be said about this. Events proved, for example, that Major Higginson didn’t take General Lowell’s advice, for he certainly became rich. Whether he found it more difficult to be a useful citizen than if he had remained poor never can be proved; undoubtedly he was known as a useful citizen. We think the General was entirely wrong, for if you are poor you are absorbingly busied upon the depleting task of working, your goal being all the way from *Becoming Not Poorer to Becoming Rich*. When and if you become rich, you may have the time and the inclination to become a useful citizen; but—usually—only if. On the other hand, there are the journalists. Our trade is being useful citizens—useful in the commonly accepted definition—in order that we may amass enough wealth to cease being useful citizens; or to become citizens useful to ourselves and our families, instead of to the entire silly and ungrateful old universe.

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"Look at the modern youth," baccalaureated the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, at Wellesley, "with his flask on his hip, his night club, and his philosophy that life is an orange to be squeezed into his cup." A cup, Dr. Fosdick might have added, filled with cracked ice, gin, and a little sugar. And just a touch of mint makes it far less unpalatable.

Nowadays, the Younger Generation offers its Papa a gold watch on condition that Papa will smoke only his own cigarettes until the Y. G.'s twenty-first birthday.

There was a rumour, shortly after their landing in Europe, to the effect that Chamberlain and Levine had split; or, at any rate, there had ceased to be concord between them. Well, Lindbergh, the Solitary Eagle, had the right idea, for, as he often probably sang to himself during those thirty-three hours—and subsequently, too—

By F. P. A.

Whether your name is O'Brien or Cohn,
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

According to Sir Austen Chamberlain, war is outlawed in British hearts; and he hopes it is outlawed in ours. Of course, the thing looks so simple to us that we don't see why our plan isn't adopted. Merely pass a law prohibiting war. It sounds impossible, perhaps, but twenty years ago there were those who said you couldn't pass or enforce a law prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquor.

If there were a law prohibiting wars, it is conceivable that somebody would call up the Secretary of State, and say, "Listen, don't ask who this is, but if you're interested, I can get you a nice pre-war war. . . . What. . . . Call Mayflower 3114. Ask for Joe. . . . Sure, I'll deliver it myself personally."

THE END



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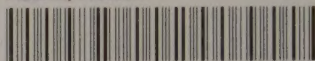
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